

# homecoming

*loser's club musical short  
stories - I*

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## homecoming by cynicalcryptids (orphan\_account)

**Series:** [loser's club musical short stories \[1\]](#)

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** Fluff, M/M, Multi, SO MUCH FLUFF, a little heated but not intense, mike is just the dad that needs to look out for his children, small benverly prob

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Redd - Relationship, Stenbrough - Relationship

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**Summary:**

"i don't think anything could go wrong; in fact, i think he's just as hung up on you as you are to him. so, what better opportunity is presented than a homecoming dance? i don't think you're gonna get another chance like this for a while, stan," she responds...

# homecoming

## Author's Note:

stenbrough; homecoming night, and a slow song comes on and stan seizes the opportunity to get some sweet time with his lovely billy boy; inspired by songs [true - spandau ballet] and [take me home tonight - eddie money] from stan's playlist on the "itmovieofficial" spotify

homecoming night could be stressful. hundreds of students, freshmen to seniors, crowded within the doors of the gym at derry high. loud conversations from one side heard on the complete opposite, chick cliques squealing over fancy homecoming dresses, the works - but, that wasn't what was stressing out a certain stanley uris.

stan was done up all pretty - the losers gathered together a couple of hours before the event began to check on one another's appearances (specifically beverly critiquing everyone's outfit), and stan had been pulled away from the group by beverly, and proceeded to fix his little black bowtie. he was in a soft blue button-up, with black slacks and a pair of fancy black shoes. he felt a bit overwhelmed by the idea of going to homecoming, but bev convinced him otherwise.

"this is an opportunity for you, stan! wait for a good song, look around for your lover boy, and ask him to dance," she tells him plainly, as if it's so easy to do such a thing. what if bill rejects his offer? what if he's off dancing with another girl? what if -

"stanley."

stan jerks back into reality, rubbing the back of his neck nervously. "but there's just so much that could go wrong, bev." she chuckles quietly, pushing a few stray curls back from his forehead and smiling. "i don't think anything could go wrong; in fact, i think he's just as hung up on you as you are to him. so, what better opportunity is presented than a homecoming dance? i don't think you're gonna get another chance like this for a while, stan," she responds, putting her hand on his cheek and smiling timidly. "you look great. i expect to

see you two *lovebirds* out there on the floor tonight, alright?" she winks at stan and walks back to the rest of the group. stan sighs, and follows behind shortly after.

a little bit into the dance, the losers are sitting in a group of chairs near the side of the gym; people are gathered in the middle, swaying to the beat of the music playing. things are going fairly well, in fact, with the losers all joking about music tastes and richie cracking mom jokes every time he *thinks* someone is done talking, which results in a hard smack to the shoulder by eddie. everyone in the group erupts into laughter and as the giggles die down, so does whatever song that was playing through the speakers. beverly glances over to stan, who immediately goes still, and his heart rate quickens slightly as a new song starts playing.

*so true, funny how it seems - always in time, but never in line for dreams*

beverly smiles, teeth and all, and watches the losers slowly split off with dance partners into the middle of the gym with the rest of the students. ben and beverly take their leave, beverly winking subtly at stan, whose cheeks are burning, but only enough that it's hidden by the dimness of the lights. richie, of course, makes a big to-do about his invitation to eddie. "oh my darling eddie-bear, would you like to join me out on the dance floor?" all complete with a bow and an extended palm to the shorter boy, who laughs in response. "you're such a fucking sap, rich," and they were out on the floor. mike weaves himself through the crowd, sometimes being stopped by a girl to dance, and one time offering to dance a bit with beverly until being pulled apart by another young freshman.

stan and bill are left on the sidelines, surrounded by the once-occupied chairs. stan keeps his eyes glued to the ground, mentally fighting himself on his decisions. his thoughts are interrupted by the movement of a chair, and he looks up to see bill standing, looking towards the crowd as if to go join them. in panic, stan jumps to his feet and extends his hand almost rigidly, cheeks burning a dark pink. "bill, would you, um...would you like to dance?" he asks, with his voice cracking on one of the words. silently, bill stares at the extended hand and stan begins to worry, but bill puts his hand into

stan's, and smiles. "it w-woh-would be an hon-honor," he sputters out, and the two finally walk out of the shadows, into the blue and white lights illuminating the floor.

*with a thrill in my head, and a pill on my tongue - dissolve the nerves that have just begun*

out on the dance floor, stan and bill get stuck in the center of everyone, though no one seems to notice the quiet pair. stan tentatively puts his hand around bill's waist to hold him closer, and bill reciprocates with lacing their fingers together. there's a small feeling of surprise lingering in the back of stan's mind, but he doesn't really notice with the overwhelming amount of happiness he's feeling. both boys begin to sway to the soft rhythm of the song that plays throughout the gym.

*take your seaside arms and write the next line; oh, i want the truth to be known*

stan fights with his thoughts swirling about in his head; he bites his lip, and takes a long breath. "i need to tell you something." stan's voice cuts through bill's mind, and he looks up at the curly-haired male, who has a worried look on his face. "i...i really..like you, and, and i didn't know a good time to tell you this, but this seemed like the right time -" a hand pressed to his cheek and something soft touched his lips.

*i know this...much is..true; i know this...much is..true*

stan's eyes go wide, and the hand pressed against the small of bill's back tenses up. when the shorter boy pulls back, he smiles, just a little, and stan feels his heart strings being pulled. "i'm r-re-really glad, s-stan."

the chorus of the song continues to play, and stan thinks he can feel his heart in his throat. with no thoughts stopping him, stan leans back down and presses his lips against bill's once more; both of their eyes flutter closed, stan's hands resting on bill's hips, and bill's wrapped around stan's neck. the music softly fades out, but they don't notice.

*i feel a hunger, it's a hunger, that tries to keep a man awake at night*

stan jolts back into existence with the sudden change in atmosphere, and he notices everyone beginning to dance more sporadically to the quick pace of the music. with any cautions thrown out the window at this point, stan seeks a crevice to sneak through and pulls bill's hand, leading them both out of the crowd and to the gym's exit. "wh-what ab-b-out the others?" bill shouts over the loud music blaring behind them. stan laughs, "do you really think they're gonna notice over all the chaos in there?" and they continue to run out into the parking lot.

*anticipation is, running through me; let's find the keys, and turn this engine on*

stan hops into the driver's side of his car, with bill frantically hopping into the passenger seat. stan pushes his key into the ignition and they back out, leaving behind the loud music and chaos. most of the losers don't notice, but beverly smiles at their disappearance in the gym.

stan drives and drives away from their school, past all their homes, and to a field outside of derry, where there's not as much of a population of people. he stops the car at the edge and turns it off, tossing the keys into the cupholder. "i had to get away from all those sweaty bodies, it felt way too claustrophobic in there." bill giggles at that response, and stan looks over and feels the corners of his lips tug up into a small smile.

"you-you know, it took you a h-he-hell of a long t-time, stan." the curly-haired boy looks over with a puzzled look, and then his cheeks burn at what bill was hinting at. "well i, i didn't know what to do. there were too many conflicting emotions about it, and so i was..i was too worried that you wouldn't respond like you did," he admits, and runs his hands nervously through his head of curls.

*i can feel you breathe; i can feel your heart beat faster*

bill lifted his hand and grabbed stan's, which rested on the compartment between the two front seats, and lifted the other to stan's face, turning him to face bill. "you really d-didn't have to worry," he mumbles before leaning forward and connecting their lips for the third time that night.

*take me home tonight - listen honey, just like ronnie said... be my little baby*

stan feels himself melt into this kiss, putting his free hand on the elbow rest and turning his body to face bill, so his back doesn't hurt from twisting. they part, but only for a short second before bill lifts his other hand and cups stan's face with both of his hands, and tilts his head to get a better angle.

*i need some company; a guardian angel, to keep me warm when the cold winds blow*

stan's impulses have taken over his course of action, and much to his mental arguments, he lifts one hand to rest on the back of bill's neck, and gently bites at his bottom lip to grab his attention. a small, quick breath, and bill's lips part just long enough for stan to slip his tongue past them. he can feel bill's hands tense against stan's cheeks, but he, rather timidly, tries to reciprocate the action. they part, and stan's hyperdrive takes over his movements; he trails gentle kisses down along bill's jaw, and down along the side of his neck. bill's eyes close, and one of his hands slip into stan's brown curls.

*take me home tonight - i don't wanna let you go 'til you see the light*

stan pulls himself away from bill's neck, and watches his facial features soften again. "i...i think i love you."

*be my little baby*

bill closes the gap between them, only pressing a chaste kiss to the other's lips. "i think i l-lo-love you, too."

### **Author's Note:**

do y'all ever just blush a lil when you write some kissy scenes, cause i know i do. i had to blast stupid music to make it less awkward, all while switching between spotify and youtube and google. anyways, kudos are greatly appreciated, and comments are welcome, and i really hope you enjoyed this first one. boy oh boy, this is gonna be a journey.

- croissant